

The Tragicke

Qu. Alas poore soule, I eniue not thy glory,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed Henries course,
When the blood was scarce washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, When I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haune thy bed,
And be thy Wife if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee.

As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe cuen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of mine owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours

Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.

Dut. Glo. A due poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it.

Dut. Yor. Go thou to Richmond & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eighty old yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
And each houres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham,
Catesby, with other Nobles

King. Stand all a part, Cousen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: Here he ascends his throne.

Thus

of Richard the Third.

Thus high by thy aduice
Add thy assistance is King Richard seated:

But shall we were these honours for a day?
Or shall they last and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may they last.

King. O Buckingham now I doe play the touch,

To try if thou be currant gold nedeede:

Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why see you are my thrice renowned Liege,

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should liue true noble Prince,

Cousen thou wert not wont to be so dull,

Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddainly performde,

What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be brieft,

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindenesse freezeth,

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath my Lord,

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolute your grace imediatlie.

Car. The King is angry see he bites his lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron wittie fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes, none are for me

That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whome corrupting gold

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes matcht not his haughty minde,

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

and will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King